

Forth with a Lance that was so strong
 As he came gapiug in his face,
 In at his mouth he thrust it long
 Which could pierce no other place.
 And there within this Ladies side
 This dreadful Dragon then he slew.
 The fabel of his paysoned breath
 Could do this Christian knight no harm
 Thus did he save the Lady from death,
 and home he led her by the arm,
 Which when Ptolomy did see,
 There was great mirth and melody.
 When as the famous knight St. George,
 had slain the Dragon in the field,
 And brought the Lady to the Court
 whose sight with joy their hearts fill'd.
 He in the Egyptian Court then said
 All he most fairly was betraid.
 The Lady Sabine lov'd him well
 he counted her his only joy.
 But when their love was open known
 it prov'd to Georges great annoy.
 The Morocco King was in the Court,
 Who to the Orchard did resort,
 Daily to take the pleasant Ayre,
 for pleasures sake he us'd to walk
 Under a wall where as he heard
 St. George with Lady Sabine talk.
 Their love he revealed to the King,
 Which to St. George great wo did bring.
 These kings together did devise,
 to make this Christian knight away,
 With letters him Ambassador
 they straightway sent to Persia,
 And wou'd he to Sophy him to kill,
 And traiterously his blood to spill.
 Thus they for good did him reward
 with evil and most subtilly,
 By much vile means they did devise
 to work his death most cruelly.
 While he in Persia abode,
 he quite distress'd each foell God.
 Which being done he straight was cast
 into a Dungeon dark and deep
 But when he thought upon his wrong,
 he bitterly did weep and weep.
 Yet like a knight of courage stout,
 Forth of the Dungeon he got out.
 And in the night there he seekers
 this valliant knight by power slew,
 Although he fasted many a day,
 and then away from thence he flew.
 On the best steed the Sophy had,
 which when he knew he was full sad.
 Then into Christndome he came
 and met a Gyant by the way,
 With whom in combate he did fight,
 most valliantly a Summers day,
 Who yet for all his bates of steel,
 Was forc'd the King of death to feel.

From Christndome this valliant knight
 then with warlike heart did rest,
 Throwing upon these heathen Lords
 to make here ever victory at the last
 For these three years was gone and spent
 He did unto his great cost sit.
 Save only Aegipt and he spar'd;
 for so bright her only sake
 And ere his rage he did suppress,
 he meant a trial head to make.
 Ptolomy did know his strength in self,
 And unto him did himself yield.
 When yet the Morocco King did kill
 and took fair Sabine to his will,
 And after that comen'd only
 with her St. George did lead his life.
 Whoby the Vertue of her chain
 Did call a Virgin pure and chaste.
 To England then St. George did bring,
 this gallant Lady Sabine bright,
 An Church also came with him
 in whom the Lady did delight.
 None but those three from Aegipt came,
 Now let me print St. Georges fame.
 When they were in the Forrest great
 the Lady did desire to rest,
 And then St. George to kill a Deer.
 to see thereon did think it best,
 Left Sabine and the Church there,
 While he did go and kill a Deer.
 The mean time in his absence came,
 two hungry Lyons fierce and fell,
 And tore the Church presently
 in peices small the truth to tell.
 Down by the Lady then they laid,
 Whereby it seems she was a Maid.
 But when St. George from hunting came,
 and did behold this heavy chance,
 Yet for his lovely Virgins pure,
 his courage then he did advance.
 And came into the Lyons fight.
 Who ran at him with all their might.
 But he being no wist of maid,
 but like a stout and valliant knight,
 Did kill the hungry Lyons both
 within the Lady Sabrines sight,
 But all this while sad and demure,
 She stood there like a Virgin pure,
 When when St. George did truly know
 this Lady was a Virgin pure,
 His dolefull thoughts that ere was dum'd
 began most firmly to renew,
 He set her on a palfrey steed,
 And towards England came with speed
 Where he arriv'd in short while,
 unto his Fathers dwelling place,
 Where with his dear old love he liv'd,
 when fortune did their Pupptals grace;
 They many years of joy did see,
 And led their lives at Cowntrey,